

ADVANCED
HIGH TECH MICRO

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT:

"THE TEACHINGS MY BLOOD WHISPERS TO ME"

VOLUME FIVE: BOOK OF WONDER

BOOK TWO:

THE TEACHINGS MY BLOOD WHISPERS
TO ME

H₁₈

Summer 1989

MEDITATIONS

NOTEBOOK 18

BOOK 18

WRITINGS 1989

12 April thru 22 August

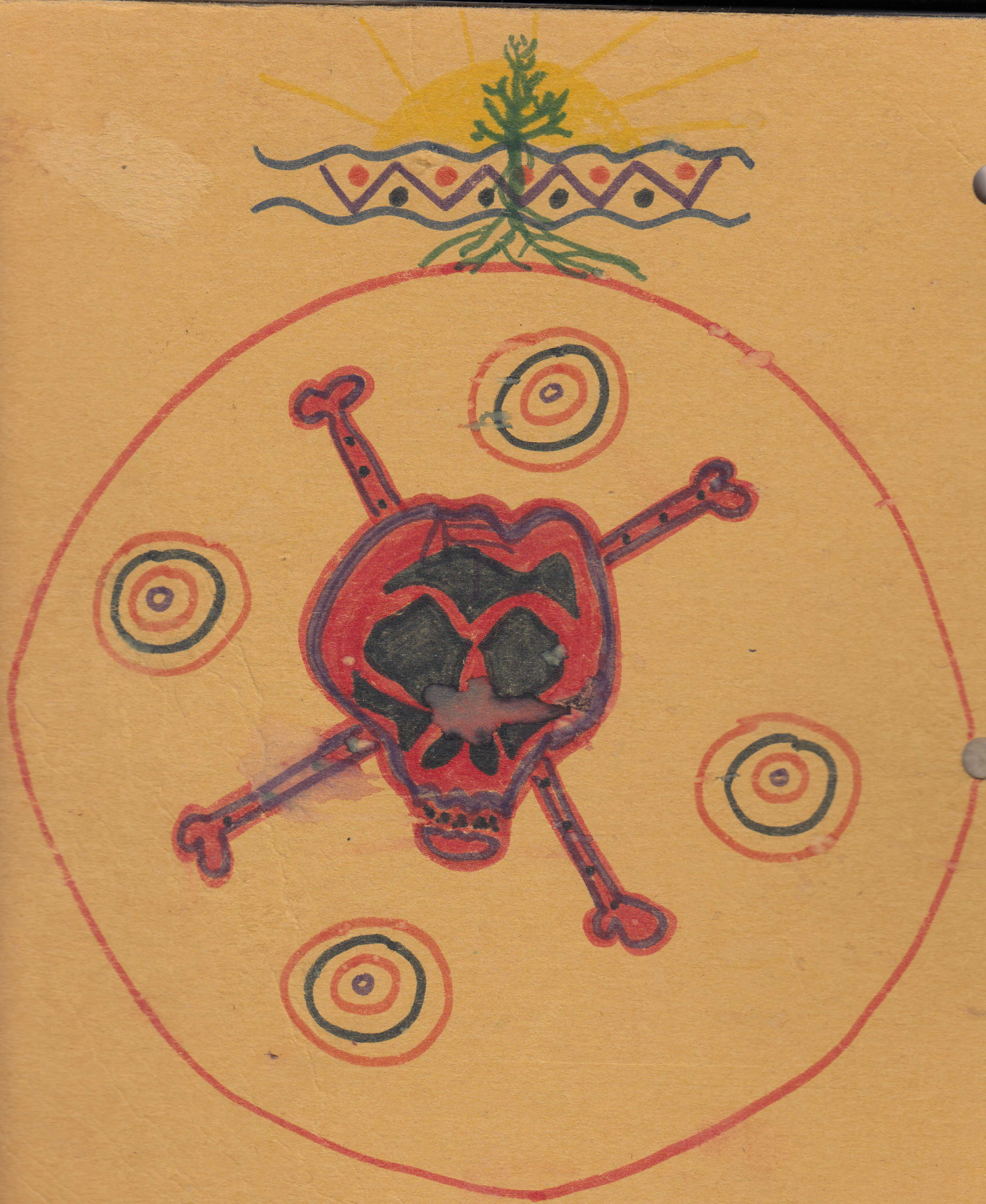
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"THE TEACHINGS MY BLOOD WHISPERS TO ME"

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HENTRICH THOUGHT NOTEBOOK

SN221668 → 51V5BZ



"THE TEACHINGS OF BLOOD WHISPERS TO ME"



DIARY MATERIAL FROM

THROUGH AUGUST 22, 1989



April 12 Wednesday Evening Session 1165

Right now I need privacy to experience depression out of the view of others. I feel not only sadness, but emotions of anger, rage, confusion, frustration, insecurity, and desperation. I left work hating the owners of Auto Spa. Recently I regretted being obedient for \$5.00 an hour, obedient for money, for nothing, for nothing, for nothing.

"THE TEACHINGS MY BLOOD WHISPERS TO ME"

as some flashback of a master speaking about Hell, we are enclosed by

DIARY MATERIAL FROM APRIL 12 THROUGH AUGUST 22, 1989

Tangent → it is quite obvious to anyone who knows what a philosopher is) know that I am a philosopher. seriously!

I have always found people and things to resent, hate, blame. I have since very much, when recently at my other quarters as officers. As it has been since I began working - it is employers and coworkers.

This depression is a feeling of ALIENATION. I am inquisitive, sensitive, and intelligent. If I am going to be different, I am going to have to get used to the idea that my difference will bother people less intelligent than myself.

1989

age: 22

April 12 Wednesday Evening Session 1165

Right now I need privacy to experience depression out of the view of others. I feel not only sadness, but emotions of anger, rage, confusion, frustration, insecurity, and dejection.

I left work hating the owners of Auto Spa. Resentful... I resent being obedient for \$5.00 an hour, obedient for money — for my dependence upon money for food, clothing, shelter, etc...

... an eerie flashback of a muslim speaking about Hell... how we are enslaved by Satan's machine... hell, what a concept...

Tangent → it is quite obvious to anyone (who knows what a philosopher is) ~~knows~~ that I am a philosopher. Obviously!

I have always found people and things to resent, hate, blame... Ever since way back when... recently it was other inmates or officers... now — as it has been since I began working — it is employer and coworkers.

This depression is a feeling of ALIENATION. I am inquisitive, sensitive, and intelligent.

If I am going to be different, I am going to have to get used to the idea that my difference will bother people less intelligent than myself.

1989.04.16

Life forces us to grow, and I am forced to change the things I write about. Diaries from my early days will reflect the revolutionary state of mind I was in.

What I would like to drift away from is the perspective of seeing "western civilization" as this computerized system destroying life on the Sacred Earth Mother.

Although this may be the case, in order to enjoy life as best I can, and in order to be "fully alive", I must begin to slow down.

By slowing down, I can see things as they are. I can become honest in my beliefs and honest in my thoughts. Most important, I may listen to the teachings of my blood — which are my TRUE FEELINGS.

The practice of keeping a diary, of writing memoirs, is a practice of becoming intimate in soul and mind with the story of our journey through the womb, into creation into the era-age-environment, until at long last we sleep. Then we live the story of our journey through Dreamtime. We will eventually become grass upon the hills, but in the mean time we endure the sufferings each living organism must endure until death.

The message I am trying to get into words is that the space age has a darker side to it. We do not have to use the starving people of South Africa as an example, although that aspect is severely gloomy.

We do not have to be obsessed with how the great Natural World cultures have been virtually destroyed in order to assimilate peoples into western civilization.

We merely have to rid ourselves of a belief in the security of technology as we know it today for this security is all too temporal and transitory.

If we want to see clearly, we just need to be hungry for a while. Notice we walk quickly to a diner or a supermarket with the money we acquire from the jobs we loathe.

The quality of life we experience is not the futuristic utopias portrayed by Epcot Center in Walt Disney World.

We eat our daily bread because the Christian era functions that way. We have forgotten how to hunt, fish, and gather vegetables from the earth because that is not the way of life of our culture (unfortunately).

We are fatally dependent upon the wheels of industrial civilization.

Session 1171

Tuesday Evening 4/18/89

I gave Auto Spa my 2 weeks notice. Cancel uniforms. Cancel raise. Cancel summer working on cars...

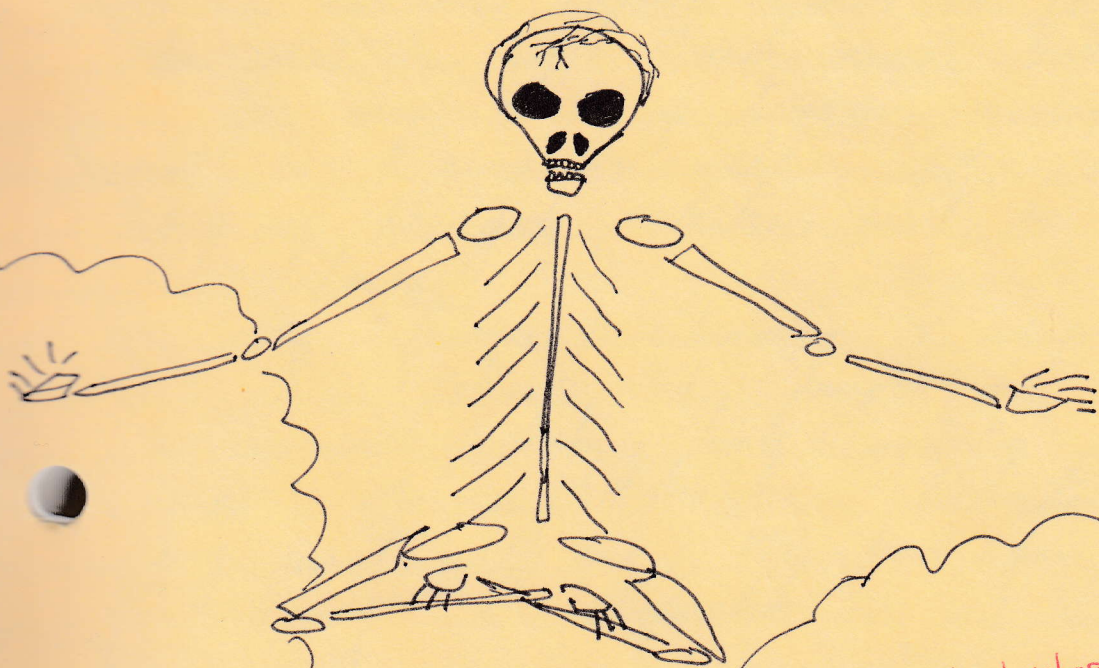
Sister Tami and a quiet storm I enjoy smoking tobacco this evening stocked up on food supplies, washes into my minds blood... soothing my spirit.

I have been unkempt and unshaven for the past week or so - but I am clean cut for tomorrow. After work I am to meet Tom Sandle of Battleground Park Maintenance at 6:20 PM on Rt 522 near bridge. I will ride my all-terra bicycle... rain or shine.

I am content with the change coming. I hope to have a couple weeks in between jobs to take care of getting and making legal a vehicle, as the Park Job begins in the middle of May...

2 more weeks at Auto Spa. This summer I will work \$10/hour per week, pay debts, take care of red tape for Fall Semester at BCL... and work around parole.

I should call Andy Nunnies tomorrow to let him know what I am up to.



Continue to develop awareness
of the true nature of reality.
Learn who I AM... accept who I AM.

~~~~~  
Farewell to "Auto Spa"  
Camping... Fishing

... start job at Park...

... get bifocals?

... get \$ for college from Al... Rec...?  
~~~~~


1209

May 27, 1989

Saturday Evening

Today I awoke quickly, and soon realized it was my last day at Auto Spa. By 2:30 I was out the door and down the road...

I sought for a lake to fish in. I got a little sidetracked on RT 537, I 95, 571 ... I finally got to the lake and felt peace.

I felt like a hound dog as I crept through the woods... and made my way to the water...

The "SUNNIES" were biting like crazy... I got the sensations of hungry teeth attacking the end of the line.

As I look back on that now, I feel so stupid and inexperienced... but at that moment - in the solitude of silent nature... I became the mythological hunter/fisherman... I enjoyed the thrill of primitive interaction with the universe.

The Sun above warmed me.

The bugs bit me, yet I felt such peace.

When I got home, I called Dad. We are unable to get together to go fishing because he is working this week, and I am camping next week.

June 9, 1989

Session 1222

I left Freehold at 5AM, and arrived in New Milford around 9 or 10AM. The Ellamano got stuck in the mud, but I am sure we will get it out by Sunday.

The Rain came down hard all day and all evening. I enjoyed the damp baptism in nature.

June 10, 1989

Session 1223

The Sun is blazing. The woods are a majestic wilderness. Many spirits dwell here.

I slept near the fire in the cave-like dwelling place. I am slowing my pace and merging with the spirits of the woods.

Evening Entry 2AM? 3AM?

I am turning into the Dream Realm now. The sweat was sacred and real, and I feel more intimate with Grandmothers Earth and Grandfather Sky...

my skin is white, but my brain is blood, bones, and spirit...

I am damn by the lake alone in my tent, while the herd (pack) is huddled in group of 2, 3, 4, 2... up in the camp. Also, death is a passageway (not an end)

June 13 Morning Entry 1225

Before I record my dream experiences, I will recall some of the teachings brought to the surface by John Young.

We have an inner voice.

This is the Ancient Voice.

In animals, instinct.

We may call it insight, intuition, the invisible fibers of our sensory receptors.

We also have a storyboard which we see and feel events while we sleep: the dream realm.

As I awaken today, I desire to be aware of a little more of the invisible fibers.

May I listen to my inner voice, may I see the world with unpatterned perception, May I take heed of the dream pictures.

Not taking myself seriously, I will be in awe of the phenomenon and wonder of merely being in the current of the creative forces in the Sacred Web of Life in the Universe.

June 15 1989

Session 1228

This morning I drove to work a different way, and I U-turned at Knarrows to stop at Sorentos on RT33 for breakfast.

I saw Allison; she was friendly.

- as I write this, I realize I wanted to tell someone about it (like Joe) when I got home - but he showed no interest. Just now he looked in and saw me writing my "memoirs". I feel a change going on within me, as if I am just now suddenly becoming aware of being "in my own little world".

The A.A. Day By Day book said that we are not to feel so unique - yet in Nature - all is unique, oddly different.

I day dreamed all day long, and even now I feel so intimate with a force that is purely within ... interior source of life.

I am intimate with my spirit and the Great Spirit that teaches my spirit through the unverbable sensations of the gut.

When I stopped by Allison's, she was just leaving for her second job. I felt like a slow paced Turtle. good-vibes about true self.

I AM FEELING SERENITY ABOUT BEING HUMBLE, HONEST, AND QUITE SHY - SENSITIVE.

Roshi advised me to "drop the menthols",
so I will do just that. I have 2 more
packs of Newport Box. I will smoke them
and start on Camel Box With Filters until
I receive the Santa Fe Natural Tobaccos.

I am sad at seeing Allison so busy,
but at the same time I feel a sense
of good natured compassion for myself.

I have an old beat up vehicle that
runs okay - and I live with my sister.
She wears make up and rushes
around with 2 jobs! Her car is very
cool but I would not be able
to afford it.

There is a small amount of pride
in having a humble economic situation.
I am literate and contemplative, and I
am not inclined to socialize.

Therefore, the Creator has made me
harmoniously in tune with "just getting by".

I am feeling joy for the journey
because my spiritual consciousness
is emerging stronger and my
awareness of the internal life
is deepening.

How do I explain this?

I AM BEING DRAWN INWARD... MY SPIRIT IS
ATTRACTED TOWARDS INNER VISION: FEELINGS WITHIN.



June 12, 1989 Evening Entry 1230

Friday evening, little fog and I headed out to Chocoma Park. It was a good experience, as the full moon came out into the night. We had fire going in the tent.

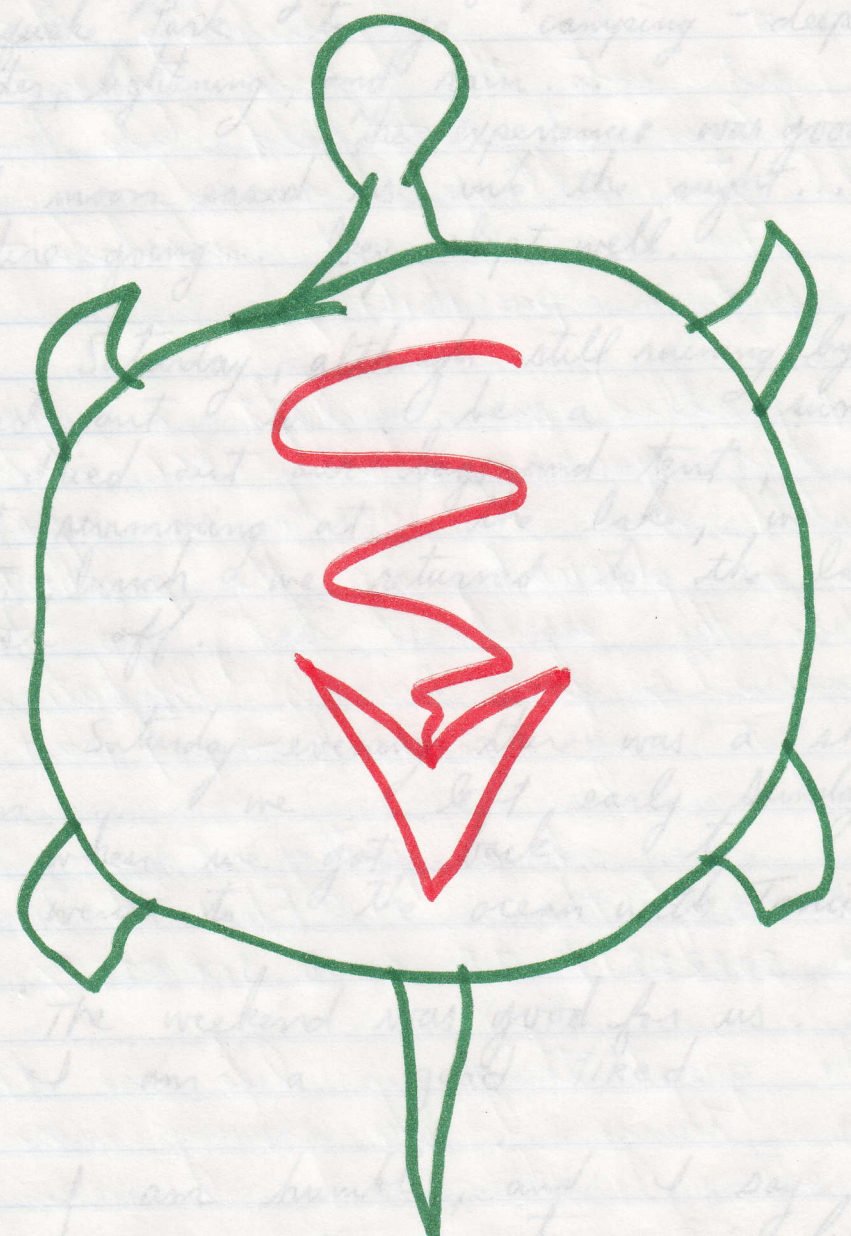
Saturday, although it was still raining by morning, turned out to be a sunny day. We went swimming at the lake, and after lunch I returned to the lake to work off.

Sunday - evening there was a short thunder storm. We left early in the morning and went to the ocean with the car and people.

The weekend was good for us. I am feeling better.

I am burnt out and I say this because I have no energy to figure out the mysteries of existence.

I am always learning, never able to define what it is I am learning. This is why I surrender and seek inward for an intimate conscious contact with the Ancient Voice of the Universe that speaks to my heart.





June 18, 1989 Evening Entry 1230

Friday evening, little Joey and I headed out to Cheesequake Park to go camping - despite the thunder, lightening, and rain...

The experience was good, as the full moon eased us into the night... We had fire going... Joey slept well.

Saturday, although still raining by morning, turned out to be a sunny day. We dried out our bags and tent, we went swimming at the lake, we laked; after lunch we returned to the lake to wash off.

Saturday evening there was a short thunder storm... we left early Sunday morning, and when we got back to Freehold we went to the ocean with Tami and Joe.

The weekend was good for us.
I am a good tired.

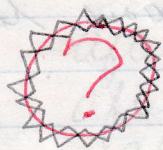
I am humble, and I say this because I have no energy to figure out the mysteries of existence.

I am always learning, never able to define what it is I am learning.

This is why I surrender and seek inward for an intimate conscious contact with the Ancient Voice of The Universe that speaks to my heart.

June 20, 1989 Tuesday Evening

Session 1232



Our journey through life is one of drudgery and confusion. Although work was easy, I seemed to be very tense and anxious this evening.

I did not share at the meeting of fellow alcoholics because I was ~~was~~ over-sensitive to little Joey's presence.

I was angry tonight because things are out of my control — I like the mall that is being built in Treehold, like the price of ice cream at Jersey Freeze, like not being able to understand what I feel inside — and not being able to make right what I see as wrong...

I am a stranger in a crowd of people... at times I am the creature of the woods whom each tree recognizes as a good natured humanitarian: THOSE TREES SAW ME GROW!

Yet, then, I am just the stranger in the crowd... people have their own troubles, their own joys... I am not the center of the universe.

I am a mere speck... an organism with an appetite... a mind with objections that I am unable to explain.

I want woods... I do not want the mall.
I want food to come to me from the ground...
I want fur and the ability to live outdoors...
I want immunity to phobias like fear of bugs...
I WANT TO EVOLVE INTO A NATURAL ANIMAL WITH GRACE.

SESSION 1233

And Then Peace Came

after the confusion evaporated
after the fog cleared
after the hunger was subdued
And I saw through illusion

after the day became evening
When my energy reached it's limit
after the tears of rage
I surrendered to That Which Is

Now and Then I am frustrated
By feelings inside me I cannot control
Nor can I explain
Nor am I able to ignore

I realized I was connected to some fabric
a fabric intricately webbed together
Webbed together by invisible fibers
An Ancient Voice spoke to my heart:

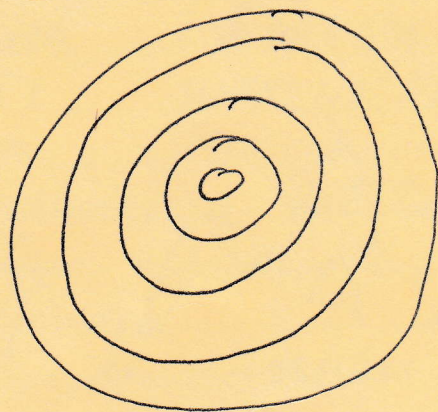
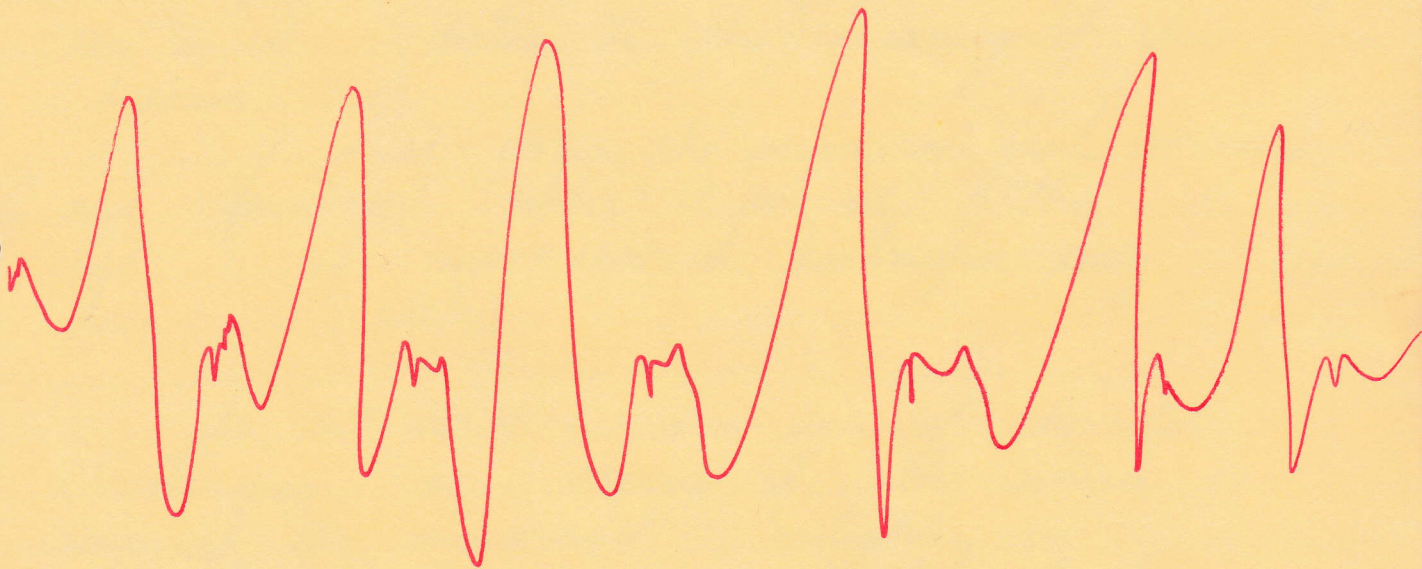
"Sleep, my child, sleep...
... these troubles you see are real,
but you must surrender. All your
power is within you. You will sleep."

So I let out a breath of renewal
And I surrendered
I became a flowing of life
And Then Peace Came.



The Teachings My Blood Whispers To Me

Summer 1989



JULY

June 22, 1989 Evening Session 1235

"Our only inevitable duty is to pray."
I shared this at the meeting because this is a basic principle of natural life.

What more can I do each moment?

When I awaken, I must force my body out of slumber, fall to my knees and look inward.

Recall dreams... see the pictures within the mind... listen to the meaning of these dreams.

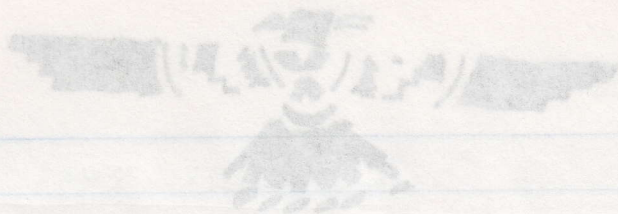
I must clear the mind of junk worries, and focus on "where I am at". The use of an inward Chautauqua may be useful.

So, let us renew our use of the old Chautauqua: as a series of talks which improve the mind and enlighten us.

The Chautauqua I would like to begin deals with PRAYER and HONESTY and HUMILITY... SURRENDERING, SIMPLE WORSHIP...

I sense an intuitive understanding of the nature of people, and thus I am not offended. A man may make me out to be worthless - or make as what I say is unimportant...

May be it is unimportant; then again, may be he fears to recognize wisdom in me, lest this disrupts his superiority/inferiority complex. BULLSHIT?



7:30 AM June 28

Middle of Night Entry

The symbol of the Thunderbird represents
the Santa Fe's Natural Tobacco Product,
"American Spirit".

I received the sample and will send
out a \$24.00 money order for two
cans --



enhance

Great

Spirit

a reverence

renewable quality

sacred

I went to 3 meetings Friday - which
I am still in as I am awake still -
Saturday 3 AM - still Friday -
basically, night.

I must write Rich a letter of thankfulness.

Presently I am perfecting the ties so
that I may share the ancient magic
with my loved ones.

I am practicing the art of prayer.
Prayer is "how I breathe,
how I dream, how I move".
Life is a prayer.

I am thankful to the Great Spirit.



2:30 AM June 24

Middle of Night Entry

The symbol of the Thunderbird represents the Sante Fe's Natural Tobaccos Product, "American Spirit".

I recieved the sample and will send out a \$34.⁰⁰ money order for two cartons ---

Now I may use this pure tobacco to enhance my prayers... this is a gift of the Great Spirit. I must smoke with a reverence for Life's sacred, renewable quality.

I went to 3 meetings Friday - which I am still in as I am awake still - Saturday 3AM... still Friday... basically, night.

I must write Rashi a letter of thankfulness.

Presently I am perfecting the tunes so that I may share the ancient magic with my loved ones.

I am practicing the art of prayer. Prayer is "how I breathe, how I dream, how I move". Life is a prayer.

I am thankful to the Great Spirit.

June 26 1989 Evening Entry Session 1237

Work went well this day. I drove out to the
eleged "pigeon swamp" past Jamesburg. There is plenty
of litter out there to gather and transport.
Whereas I was the sidekick with Glenn on
our missions to Lakewood to clean industrial
debris, today I drive.

Life is teaching me, from the odors in
the summer air, to the feel of
sweat - dirt - and trash mixing together to
produce a spiritual awakening...
From driving by "Oh Brothers" in Freehold
to see allusion waiting tables outside to
realizing the "dreamlike quality" of waking reality.

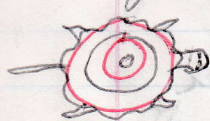
BREAKTHROUGH: In order to attain dream
consciousness, I am not to make dream realm
resemble wakeful reality - but to make
the wakeful realm resemble dream reality.

The dreamlike quality of psychological time
should be brought
out into clock time...

Who is to say that "what we know as
daily reality" is not as imaginary as
the dream reality?

Both are real. Yes,
but, are not both of the Image World of the Soul?
Life teaches. Yes. Earth levels us out. Yes - but are
not all things shadows and messages with deeper meaning?

June 27 1989 Evening Entry 1239



»»» "We have a spiritual experience in being touched by something beyond what we understand, something of mysterious dimensions."

That meditation is great for seeking a deeper perspective of reality... into dimensions beyond our understanding.

At work, while driving down at 522, while trying to turn around quick enough to get a turtle out of the road - we witnessed a mac truck intentionally splatter/crush the innocent creature on the pavement! MADNESS.

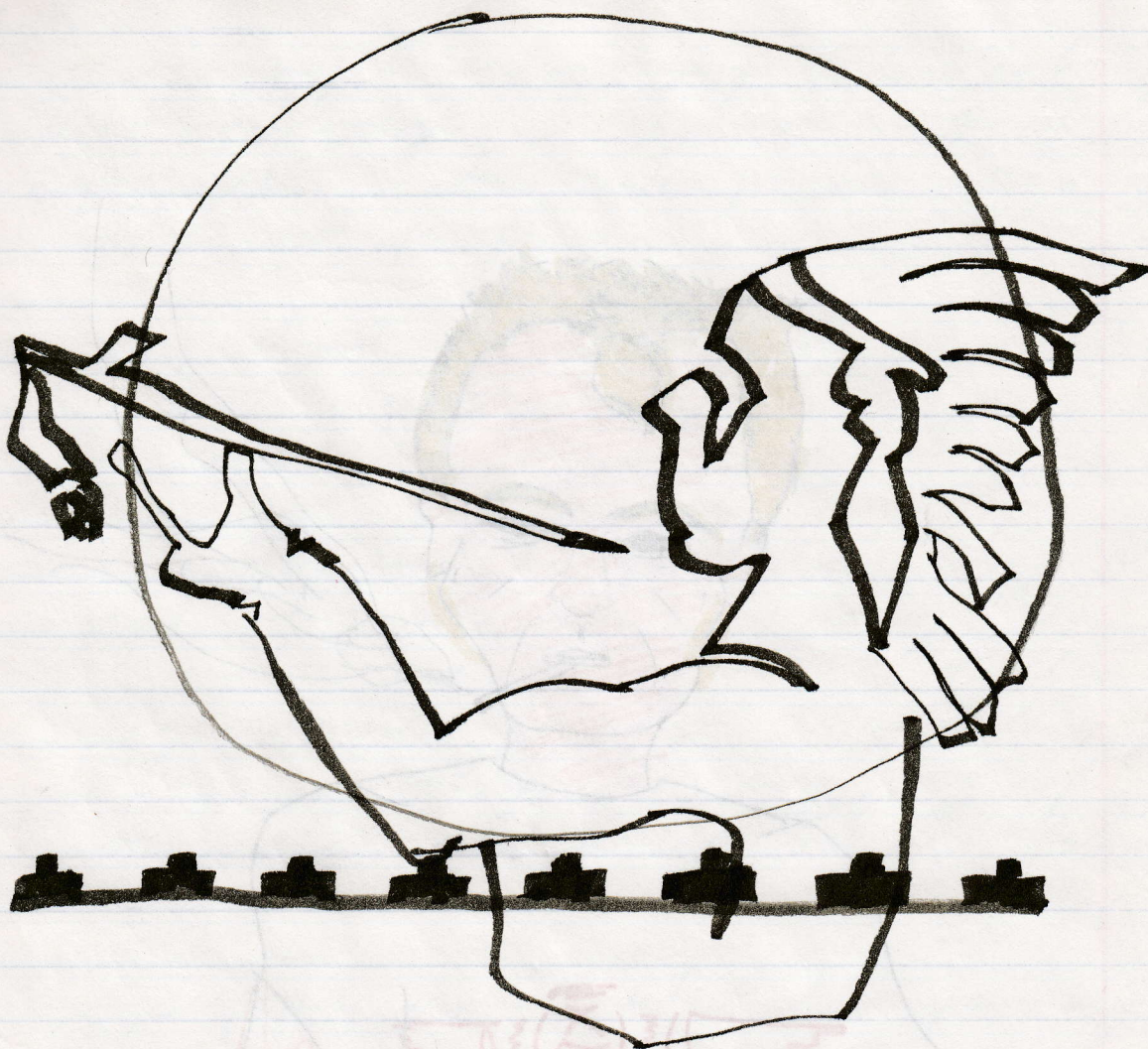
I quickly said - GOD GRANT ME THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE - THE COURAGE TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN AND WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

We tried to help the sacred turtle, yet the truck trampled over it just as we were going to rescue it.

ACCEPTANCE.

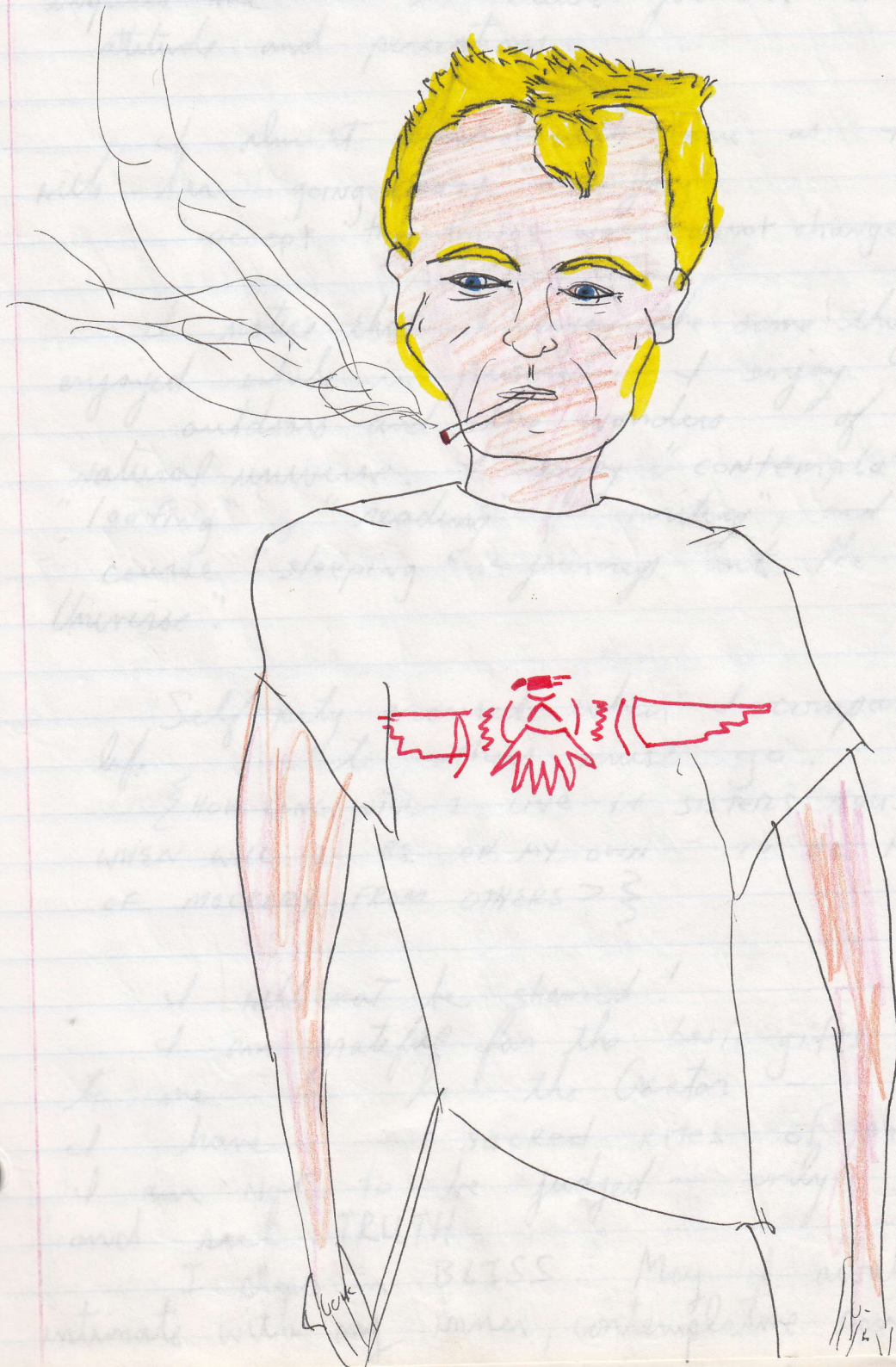
I am grateful for the summer job at Narragansett Battleground State Park - grateful to be able to go out to "pigeon swamp" with a great swimming hole... I am also grateful to be "drawn into mysterious dimensions"

This evening I surrender to a realm beyond understanding which I have no words to describe. I pray to be drawn deeper and deeper into the great beyond.



AMERICAN
SPIRIT

SANTA FE NATURAL TOBACCO



July 24, 1989 11PM Entry 1264

The Monday night meeting at the ~~clubhouse~~ ^{St. Peters} was different, like holding council. It was on "service - carrying the message". Alot goes on "behind the scenes" to keep the AA ship afloat. I shared about how I "help clean up because God gives me the energy to do so."

My way of carrying the message, at this point in my recovery is to sit at the meeting, willingly, as it is a worthwhile way of life.

Returning from mom's - whose house I stopped by after the meeting (she had also attended) - Janis called me from below as I snuck upstairs. I wanted to elude confrontation, but she called me down. I listened to her complaints about "my influence upon Little Joey".

My rebuttal: I am an adult; start treating me like one. Do not talk down at me. I deserve at least that much.

Then Joe wants to put 2¢ in about how he doesn't like my attitude towards women. He says - I guess he was jumping on the band wagon - poor soul, - "Oh, yeah, another thing. Your attitude about women. I don't want Joey picking up on that. (That time of the month and all)".

I said "Listen. I am a man. I have the right to feel as I do. Indirectly, he may pick up

on some bitterness, yes, but I do not teach him directly. He picks up on your negatives indirectly also."

at this point we were at a dead heat. Joe and Tami wanted to reprimand me, and I wanted to reprimand them. From here on, I will accept what comes.

I could eventually move out if these will help me be free of such complaints - even if they are valid. I live here today, not permanent. As long as I am here, I have to accept their complaints, but I will not be a scapegoat for their own insecurities about the development of little Joey.

I could keep quiet during dinners and slowly detach from little Joey.

Changes. Slow change.

I will detach from Tami and Joe. I am a member of the family, but more so. I sleep here. I eat here.

Tami started with an apology, yet ended with a complaint. What am I to do? I am patient with everyone.

I shall work, eat detached from conversations, go to meetings, sleep, read. I AM GLAD TO BE ME.

The native American Indians are known to have declared, "OUR ONLY DUTY IS TO PRAY, TO SEEK THE UNSEEN AND ETERNAL".

There is a big difference between SPIRITUALITY AND RELIGION.

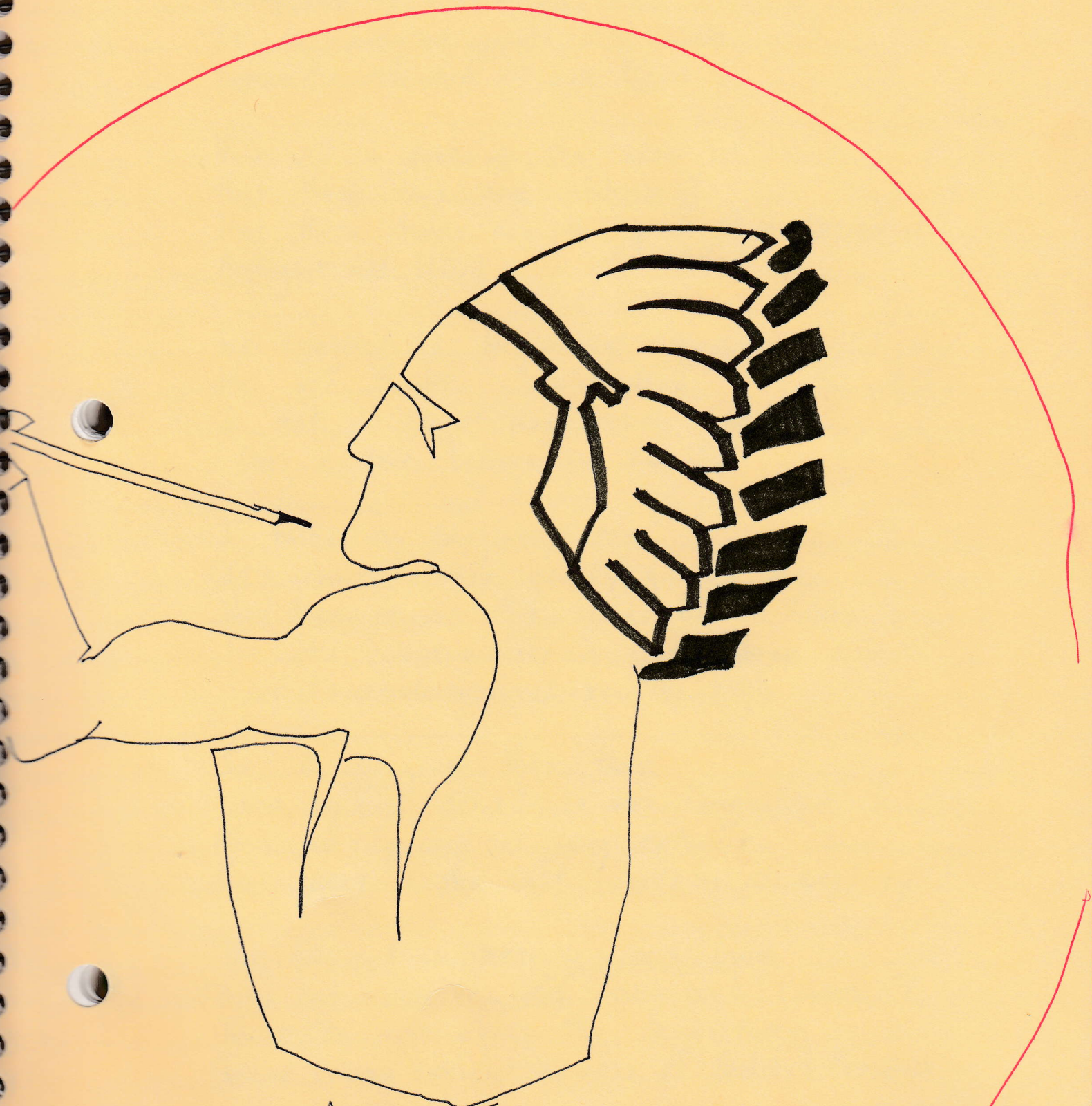
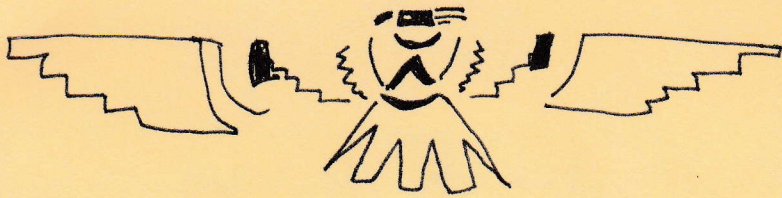
RELIGION ASKS: "Pray to WHAT?"
SPIRITUALITY SAYS: "Life is our prayer".

A prayer is something we EXPERIENCE.
Life is an EXPERIENCE.

It seems to me that religion has monopolized on the word God. Being that words are magic - since ancient times - I guess that the words Higher Power were meant to free us from religion and reveal to us UNADULTERATED Spirituality.

Higher Power could be the unseen depths of our existence, the power that connects our consciousness to reality. Higher Power could be as abstract as Nature Itself.

The concept, I believe, is that we are apart of an ancient process - and we cannot expect to control the new dawn. We must be humble and learn as we journey. We learn by being honest and humble. In reality, all eras are ancient. Today is ancient.*



AUGUST

July 27, 1989 10:30 PM Entry 1271

Today is ancient. Thunder is ancient, and thunder is here-now. Here-now is ancient. Ancientness is awe inspiring, that we are insignificant is an humbling, enchanting realization!

Today is full of wonder. at work, loafing in the woods, I bombarded my co-worker with my strange philosophy. at a meeting of recovering drunks, I shared my spiritual quest for a more honest understanding of the higher powers of our realities.
(from 7-25 Evening Reflections)

When I returned from work, after picking up little Joe from YMCA, we took the rock, the skull of the turtle's shell, and the dog Kaides out to our fort - our holy place. We asked for thunder, wind, and rain.

This evening the Thunder clouds honored our little ritual, and the experience is nothing less than awe-inspiring!

I am drawn back to DREAMTIME and INNER SPACE - THE WORLD OF THE SHAMAN by the German ethnopsychologist Holger Kleinert. The PowWow blend is good for celebrating Thunder.

I would like to take notes from Dreamtime,
for the messages give affirmation to my search
for a higher dimension of mystical
experience.

"All tribal culture expresses psychic experiences within
a framework of culturally conditioned metaphors,
or as personified energies expressed in
the form of gods, spirits, animals, and so on.
In order to make it all
understandable, the abstract life of the psyche
is concretized and expressed as myth, so
that in many cases only a pale glimmer of
the original experience shines through
this veil of mental constructs."

"MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE: By the death of the
subjective ego and the breakthrough to the
transpersonal self, the individual feels
purified and liberated, so that his former
lifestyle appears inappropriate and banal
to him. An expanded outlook —
the realization of unity — brings about a sense
of sacredness, of transcending time and space,
and the absolute certainty that present, past,
and future are artificial concepts. At the
same time there is a feeling of being
totally submerged in the moment and
guided by a higher power, from
which grows the conviction that a
supersensory source of energy exists. After
returning to everyday reality, a positive echo
remains, so that life is lived more intensely and

experienced more fully and directly. Simultaneously
there is a turning away
from a materialist outlook on life."

"We have said that the shaman lives in
a psychic universe in which, in addition
to his ratio-analytical level of
consciousness, he has access to
a 'trancelike' and holistic form of
awareness."

I will continue to read, but I wish I
could convey the entire book here...
I realize these words, and the book
itself, MERELY POINT THE WAY.

"Words like 'SACRED' or 'MAGICAL' ultimately
can tell us nothing ~~of~~ about other
realms of consciousness"

I will continue to read, but for one
last quote from LAME DEER. I love
words, but true wisdom is a silent
and hidden... true wisdom is a receptiveness
to deeper understand.

LAME DEER: "You understand there are certain things
one should not talk about, things that must
remain hidden. If all was told, supposing there
lived a person who could tell all, there
would be no mysteries left, and that would
be very bad. Man cannot live without mystery.
He has a great Need of it."

1277

TEUTONIC CONSCIOUSNESS SESSION 001 Part 3
8-3-89 1AM

Jung's mysticism craves pagan purification and is more congenial ~~of~~ to Aryanism than Freud's "Jewish Science".

... We cannot possibly get beyond our present level of culture unless we receive a powerful impetus from our primitive roots. But we shall receive it only if we go back behind our cultural level, thus giving the suppressed primitive man in ourselves a chance to develop. We must dig down to the primitive in us, for only out of conflict between civilized man and the Germanic barbarian will there come what we need: a new experience of God...

We must be intelligent enough not only to believe but to know that the god of the Germans is Wotan and not the Christian God.

There is a big difference between Jewish and Germanic Psychology. Jung's psychology is demonology... primordial wisdom. Freud has a materialistic attitude.

When we see the Jewish god Jehova as being evil, we see that the Christian did not love God so much as he feared the devil. The Jew seemed to enjoy the kingdom of this world, with an inordinate love of luxury and financial genius.

Anti-semitism is instinctive wisdom of the Aryan race.

Therefore, Judio-Christianity ~~is~~ should be checked, as the Jew is a creature outside of nature and alien to nature. -- OVERTONES OF Gnostic THEMES!

1277

TEUTONIC CONSCIOUSNESS SESSION 001 Part 3
8-3-89 1AM

Jung's mysticism craves pagan purification and is more congenial ~~of~~ to Aryanism than Freud's "Jewish Science".

...we cannot possibly get beyond our present level of culture unless we receive a powerful impetus from our primitive roots. But we shall receive it only if we go back behind our cultural level, thus giving the suppressed primitive man in ourselves a chance to develop. We must dig down to the primitive in us, for only out of conflict between civilized man and the Germanic barbarian will there come what we need: a new experience of God...

We must be intelligent enough not only to believe but to know that the god of the Germans is Wotan and not the Christian God.

There is a big difference between Jewish and Germanic Psychology. Jung's psychology is demonology... primordial wisdom. Freud has a materialistic attitude.

When we see the Jewish god Jehova as being evil, we see that the Christian did not love God so much as he feared the devil. The Jew seemed to enjoy the kingdom of this world, with an inordinate love of luxury and financial genius.

Anti-semitism is instinctive wisdom of the Aryan race.

Therefore, Judio-Christianity ~~is~~ should be checked, as the Jew is a creature outside of nature and alien to nature. -- OVERTONES OF Gnostic THEMES!